Poems from *Dream Blocks* by Aileen Cleveland Higgins

PUNISHMENT

Some days my doll-child is so bad,
I have to whip her very hard.
I put her in the corner there,
And take away her picture-card.

She's put to bed without a kiss.
She doesn't have her way one bit,
But then, *I* am the one it hurts,
And so what is the use of it?

FIRST PITY

I've found a bird that's hurt.
It flutters so and cries,
Then looks its pain at me
With such bright frightened eyes.

Its feathers are so soft!

How quiet it is now!

I want to make it well—

I wish my hands knew how!

NIGHT

I do not like to say good-night,—

I hate to shut my eyes,

When fringe-beams of the stars and moon

Make day-things play surprise.

The night is such a wonder-world,

I love it more than day.

The Dark comes close and calls. That's why

My prayers are hard to say.